





## THE SUNDAY PAPER

that is making such  
gigantic strides is the

## WEEKLY DISPATCH

the Paper that prints the

**LATEST AND FULLEST TELEGRAMS.**

The most news.

The best news.

FOR CLUES to the

# £2,000

Hidden by the

## WEEKLY DISPATCH

See the last Issue of

## THE WEEKLY DISPATCH,

THE COMING  
SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

## TURNER'S TAMARIND EMULSION

is just the thing you require to keep  
you in health during these cold winter  
months. However careful you may  
be you can't help catching cold some-  
times, but this remedy

## POSITIVELY STOPS

a cold, if taken in time. It is pleasant  
and perfectly harmless, and gives instant  
relief in all cases of throat and lung  
complaints. When you realize this you  
will laugh at the weather and scorn

## COUGHS and COLDS

Bottles 1/1½ and 2/9.

Tell your Chemist you must have "Turner's," or write to

THE HARVEY-TURNER COY., LTD.,  
The Laboratory, Newcomen Street, Borough, S.E.

## "THE LADY" says :

One of these days the DAILY MAIL  
YEAR BOOK will no longer be appro-  
priately and colloquially designated "the  
little red book," if it continues to increase at  
the rate it has exhibited up to the present,  
for the new volume for 1904 is nearly double  
the size of its predecessor, and contains a  
stupendous amount of information, admirably  
arranged and indexed. It is the sort of book  
that one wants to refer to a dozen times a  
day.

## A REMARKABLE REFERENCE WORK.

448 PAGES  
CRAMMED WITH FACTS.

1/6. AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1/6.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is : Light  
breezes and calm; fair, but foggy in most  
districts; some frost inland.

Lighting-up time, 5.25 p.m.

### SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea and Irish  
Channel, all smooth, but foggy.

### TO-DAY'S BEST NEWS

Mr. Chamberlain told a great meeting  
at the Guildhall yesterday that the great  
question was not to be measured by its past  
position in the councils of the world.—(Page 1.)

John is still firm in her demands, and  
has adopted a conciliatory attitude. It  
is expected that an arrangement is imminent,  
and the steps that led to the London an-  
nouncement.—(Page 5.)

In the witness-box yesterday Mr. W.  
seemed to have forgotten how to  
keep in court. He was alert and busi-  
ness on account of his company float-  
ing the steps that led to the London an-  
nouncement.—(Page 6.)

With eight wickets to go down the M.C.C.  
require 344 runs to avert defeat in the  
first match.—(Page 4.)

The Duke of Devonshire addressed an an-  
nouncement at Liverpool yesterday on the fiscal  
question.—(Page 9.)

The wedding of Viscount Helmsham and  
Lady Greville passed off happily at St.  
George's, yesterday, the Bishop of Oxford  
performing the ceremony. The bride received a  
card from the King with a card in his own hand  
and a card from the Queen.—(Page 11.)

Sir Harry Maclean is reported to have  
been rebuffed about a day's journey from  
home.—(Page 5.)

The winter of Miss Corelli's discontent  
is now that her cheque for  
£1000 is in aid of the Stratford-on-Avon  
Theatre fund has been returned by the  
bank.—(Page 7.)

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play,  
"The Last Night," was produced at the Hay  
market last night.—(Page 7.)

### Today's Arrangements

Mr. Balfour presides at a banquet to P.  
and Mrs. Edinburgh.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain at Stalybridge  
and the Duchess of Argyll, will  
be at the National Home Reading  
House, 2.30.

Mr. John Morley for Forfar.

Mr. Winston Churchill at Wolverhampton.

Mr. Chaplin at Gainsborough.

Mr. B. Law at Bradford.

Mr. St. Mark's, North Audley-street,  
will be in aid of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent  
Society, Kensington.

Mr. T. J. Williams at Greenock.

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## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Light breeze and calm; fair, but foggy in some districts; some frost inland.

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## SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea and Irish Channel, all smooth, but foggy.

## TO-DAY'S BEST NEWS.

Mr. Chamberlain told a great meeting at the London Guildhall yesterday that the greatness of the Empire was not to be measured by its past, but by its position in the councils of the world.—(Page 9.)

Japan is still firm in her demands, and Russia has adopted a conciliatory attitude. It is even suggested that an arrangement is imminent, some of the steps that led to the London and Globe news having taken steps to preserve peace.—(Page 8.)

The witness-box yesterday Mr. Whitaker seemed to have forgotten how to go to court. He was alert and businesslike, but on account of his company flotations and the steps that led to the London and Globe news having taken steps to preserve peace.—(Page 8.)

The Duke of Devonshire addressed an audience at the Grosvenor Hotel yesterday on the fiscal question.—(Page 4.)

The wedding of Viscount Helmsley and Lady Gertrude was celebrated yesterday at St. Mary's Church, Oxford. The bride received a present from the King with a card in his own handwriting.—(Page 11.)

Lord Sir Harry Maclean is reported to have been elected by rebels about a day's journey from Foz. —(Page 5.)

The master of Miss Correll's discontent must be satisfied now that her cheque for 12,000 francs in aid of the Stratford-on-Avon Hospital has been returned by the desire of her subscribers, who disapprove of her conduct.—(Page 7.)

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Joseph and the Coat of Arms," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre last night.—(Page 7.)

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## The Daily Mirror.

20th Day of Year.

Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1904.

346 days to Dec. 31.

PAGE 3.

1904.	January.	February.
Sun. ....	24 31	7 14
Mon. ....	25	1 8 15
Tues. ....	26	2 9 16
Wed. ....	27	3 10 17
Thurs. ....	28	4 11 18
Fri. ....	29	5 12 19
Sat. ....	30	6 13 20

## IS RUSSIA ABOUT TO YIELD?

Continental Opinion Thinks an Arrangement with Japan Imminent.

## PANIC PREVAILS IN KOREA.

Optimism is still the note in regard to the Far Eastern question. The Tsar's pacific attitude is responsible, though it is impossible to come to any definite conclusion until the Russian Note reaches Japan. It is expected in Tokio very shortly.

While the Japanese Press sneers at the Russian professions of peace, the German Press, which generally reflects the opinion of St. Petersburg, claims that there is a real lessening of tension.

Russia, it says, is unwilling to fight, and the "National Zeitung" even states semi-officially that a direct arrangement between the two parties is imminent.

Russia is believed to be extremely anxious that the Press should cover her retreat by representing that any arrangement arrived at is the result of mutual concessions.

The most important direct news from the East points to the probability of rioting in Korea, and it is stated that Japanese troops have been landed there.

The Port Arthur correspondent of the "Daily Mail," telegraphing last night, gave the gist of an interesting interview with Admiral Alexieff, the Russian Viceroy of the Far East, who spoke hopefully of the establishment of a modus vivendi between Russia and Japan.

M. Plançon, one of the Admiral's subordinates, spoke more freely, and said some remarkable things. Pourparlers were proceeding in an amicable spirit. If, he added, Japan wanted Korea, Russia would not interfere, provided the other Powers allowed it. The United States and other nations were more interested than was Russia.

## THE RUSSIAN REPLY.

Tokio, Tuesday.

The Russian reply is expected shortly. It is believed that it will contain some concessions, but it is doubted whether they will be sufficiently far-reaching to satisfy the requirements of Japan.—Reuter.

## PANIC IN KOREA.

Washington, Tuesday.

Mr. Allen, the United States Minister at Seoul, reports that a state of panic prevails in Korea, and that there is apprehension of a riotous outbreak occurring at any moment.

It is intimated that interested foreign emissaries are at the bottom of these disturbances, the result of which may afford an excuse for intervention.

## THE DUKE SPEAKS.

The "Drag on the Wheel" Makes Sarcastic Comments on the Tariff Commission.

The Duke of Devonshire last night delivered in the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, his speech at the demonstration arranged by the Liverpool Branch of the Unionist Free Food League. Sir Wm. Forwood acted as chairman of the meeting, and among others present on the platform were Lord George Hamilton, M.P., Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., Mr. Austin Taylor, M.P., Mr. Charles Arthur, M.P., Mr. Ivor Guest, M.P., Mr. E. G. Hatch, M.P., and Col. Kemp, M.P.

On rising to speak, the Duke of Devonshire said that the fiscal question was not one in which he had been willingly involved.

The agitation had burst upon them like a storm in a clear sky.

The Government and Mr. Chamberlain had agreed that in one way or another Parliament was to be invited to make a new departure upon this question.

## The Prime Minister's Policy.

There were two policies before the country. Mr. Chamberlain had appointed a Commission to settle the details of tariff reform on the principles which he had already indicated. He (the Duke) was not one who took any great exception to this step on the part of Mr. Chamberlain.

No doubt it might seem a somewhat audacious proceeding to dignify it with the name of a Commission—a word which we were accustomed to associate with a body of eminent and distinguished men appointed by the Crown on the advice of the responsible Ministers of the Crown to consider some important question of public policy.

If this Commission was to furnish a tariff he asked whether, and this he did on his own responsibility, it would not be reasonable that there should be a similar inquiry of a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire and report on the effects of free imports upon our industries.

He was now more disposed than he had been to approve the object of the Prime Minister's policy, because it seemed to him that it was a policy not only different from, but absolutely opposed to, the more dangerous and mischievous policy of preference or protection.

He did not understand that the Prime Minister

and for the placing of large forces in Korea, thus precipitating a hostile collision between Russia and Japan.—Reuter.

St. Petersburg, Tuesday.

A telegram from Port Arthur states that the following despatch has been received there from Seoul:—

"A feeling of unrest prevails here, and the outbreak of an anti-European movement is feared. Japan is stated to have at her disposal 600 soldiers in the barracks, and 3,000 disguised soldiers distributed in the villages.

"A considerable number of prominent Koreans belong to the anti-European party, and are under Japanese influence."—Reuter.

## BITTERNESS AGAINST ENGLAND.

Paris, Tuesday.

The "New York Herald" (Paris edition) has received a telegram from St. Petersburg, stating that the dispute is regarded as not so much between Russia and Japan as between Russia and Great Britain. Considerable ill-feeling towards Great Britain is manifested.

Count Lamsdorff is of opinion that a war between Japan and Russia would lead to a general conflict.

The telegram adds that the military element is, at the moment, a danger which imperils diplomacy.—Reuter.

The Russian authorities at Port Arthur disclaim the idea of hostilities at the present juncture.

According to a New York telegram the Japanese Minister in St. Petersburg has said that he does not believe it would be worth while to go to war on the questions still in dispute.

The Japanese cruiser Nishin has arrived at Perim, and her sister ship, the Kasuga, has passed that point.

Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, whose visits to the Foreign Office have been very frequent of late, called upon Lord Lansdowne again yesterday afternoon.

## A GOOD WAR MAP.

For an intelligent study of the Far Eastern question a good map is indispensable, and the best obtainable by the ordinary person is that issued by the "Daily Mail," which indicates all fortified positions, dockyards, and arsenals.

It may be obtained, printed in colours and folded, from George Philip and Son, Limited, 32, Fleet-street, E.C., price 1s. 1d. post free.

## REFUSED A PRINCE.

Sad State of a Rich American Beauty.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Monday.

The Marquise de Monstiers Meriville, formerly Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, the noted American beauty, is very ill here.

She has lost her hearing, is almost blind, and suffers from a complication of diseases caused by nervous derangement.

The lady refused to marry Prince Joachim Napoleon Murat—grandson of the famous King of Naples, and Caroline, sister of Napoleon I.—whom she met in Italy in 1887.

Miss Caldwell, who was heiress of £1,000,000, was betrothed to the Prince, who was deeply in debt, and was thirty-three years her senior. The day before the proposed wedding Miss Caldwell broke off the engagement because the Prince insisted upon controlling her entire fortune. She gave away her elaborate trousseau, every garment of which bore the Prince's crest, saying "she wouldn't wear patched clothes."

## FOOTING LE FOOT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday.

Paris society has started a new club—the "Foot-ling le Foot Club." A group of fashionable Parisians and Parisiennes have become nervous of the effects of modern locomotion methods on their health and figures.

A few years ago it was considered absolutely bad form for a Frenchwoman of any social position to drive in anything but her own, or a friend's, carriage; if she could not have that she walked. To-day the most exclusive continually use the Metropolitan, the cabs, and the trams, and locomotion has become so easy that the alarmists have already raised the cry that Paris men and women will lose the use of their legs through want of exercise.

By way of obviating any such disaster, the Foot-ling le Foot Club was founded a few days ago at the conclusion of a luncheon party at Paillard's. Each member of it—there are twenty-five at present—undertakes to walk for at least two hours every morning, and two hours every afternoon, and to preach the necessity of pedestrian exercise to all who can be got to listen.

"Unless we foot le foot, our legs will go," is said to be the motto of the club.

## MR. MORLEY ON QUACK REMEDIES.

Mr. John Morley at Berville:—He agreed with the late Lord Salisbury that they should not accept remedies at random and half-blindly.

The man who in dealing with a question of such complexity came and said there was a remedy for existing ills was a quack.

They would not improve matters if they reverted to the self-same mischievous and poisonous drugs with which foreign countries had injured their own commercial constitutions.

## EALING AND LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

The Ealing Conservative Council have decided to ask Sir Montague Nelson, who is a member of the Tariff Reform League, to expound his views on the fiscal question with a view to adopting him as the protectionist candidate in opposition to Lord George Hamilton.

## THE MYSTERY OF A TRANSPORT.

The "Petit Journal" publishes a Lyons telegram stating that the missing transport La Vienne has been found off Las Palmas floating derelict. The Ministry of Marine has no confirmation of the report.—Reuter.

The "Petit Journal" publishes a Toulon telegram to the effect that another French vessel is missing. No news has been heard of the towing steamer Goliath since she passed through the Suez Canal thirty-five days ago. She had a crew of twenty-seven.

## KING PETER'S UNSAFE THRONE.

Our Vienna correspondent expresses the fear that the reign of King Peter of Servia will not outlast the spring.

Reuter adds that affairs in Servia are steadily growing worse, and causing the greatest anxiety in Russia and Austria.

The conspirators' party is said to be openly threatening to take revenge on Europe by joining the Macedonian outbreak in the spring.

The Servian roads are infested with brigands, and property outside the chief towns is insecure.

## "ANTIQUATED AND ROTTEN FETISH."

Mr. Seddon has given one of his most vigorous speeches on the fiscal question.

"Reason and intelligence," he said, "are fighting against a fetish now antiquated and rotten. England, Scotland, and Ireland have been the breeding ground for American workmen banished from the land of their birth owing to stupid fiscal conditions which favoured the selfish few."—Reuter.

## YELLOW LABOUR DISAPPROVED.

Mr. Denkin, the Australian Federal Premier, has cabled the Colonial Secretary at Pretoria that Australia is convinced that the prohibition of Chinese immigration is imperative.—Mr. Seddon has sent a similar telegram.—Reuter.

S  
ND  
ON

I require to keep these cold winter careful you may catching cold some-  
dy

STOPS

me. It is pleasant s, and gives instant f throat and lung ou realize this you ther and scorn

1 COLDS

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"Turner's," or write to  
COY., LTD.,  
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# FAST BLE TALK

gation at Seoul is to be  
ed. If there is any of the  
be left to the inhospitable

angled" last night at the  
y, but in the afternoon he  
gling his opponents in a  
very difficult to get out of

when Captain McLeod  
dition left the Magdalen  
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nian savages in the "high  
ese savages are cannibals  
an "inside"?

ged to have pronounced a  
ylographic pen which he  
d of a journalist. Most  
ear a good deal from their  
ark refuses to flow, but the  
e been quite a novel ex-

an singer is said to have  
I register ever possessed  
We should like to hear  
rehear has to say on the  
s Helena can beat "Sister  
te," they must be having  
Empire just now.

effort is to be made in  
without the application of  
all street or railway car-  
ormers who, in their an-  
ocate the prohibition of  
places. This would be a  
death-rate from ruber-  
able enlargement of com-

t been discovered for the  
tannica." A clerk in the  
yesterday at the City of  
his landlord had said  
t. It is not true, he  
es" intend to bury com-  
ous parts of the country  
in the popular "treasure

Medical Journal" makes a  
inst illegible prescriptions  
everything to the imagina-  
t. It recalls the story of  
nt a note to the chemist  
prescription. The chemist  
action, promptly made it  
the two bottles together  
The jury, having seen  
scription, returned a ver-

osopher has drawn up a  
jealousy in various pro-  
ds that architects are at  
and actors—of course in  
the top. After all, his  
able, for an architect's fame  
posterity, whereas the actor  
the public sentiment of  
putation in future ages.  
phonograph and biograph  
meral use as makers of  
lousies will become things

Public Examiner of Pat-  
om falls a great deal in  
ust now he is not at all in  
rthur Shirley, whose play  
of London. Mr. Redford  
ense. His position is not  
eing an extremely difficult  
read between five and six  
year; sometimes he is  
one week, all the attention  
arly and special attention  
st careful not to injure  
says, and certainly there  
d man than Mr. Redford  
ously, bears the name of  
Alexander. His position  
before Easter and Whi-

positively inundated with  
every day there is some-  
o, as every new song or  
to be submitted to him  
ever, carries at least one  
virtue of an Act of Parli-  
a free seat whenever he  
atre.

AS LANDLORD.

umbeth yesterday on the  
White Hart-street, was not  
ated that the staircase was  
ail, and the jury decided that  
ld provide one at once.  
the Duchy of Cornwall.  
ales is the "landlord" of  
of the "Daily Mirror" main-  
as, as a result of which he  
absolved from all blame  
art-street are in reality  
It is a score of years or so  
prim little gardens of the  
-driver, the occupant of  
thing in the world he dis-  
ould be blamed for his  
e to be a rope at the  
re in the house recently  
ded to the house have  
possible, and the Proprietor  
landlord in every respect.

## "Learn to Think Imperially."

Mr. Chamberlain's Stirring Appeal at the Guildhall for More Sympathy With the Colonies, and a Sensible Fiscal Policy.

How it Felt To Be There.—  
Vivid Impression By Our  
Special Representative  
at the Meeting.

I want "to be Queen of the May, mother," but  
all my last words on going to bed on Monday  
night were, "If you're waking, call me early, call  
me early, mother, dear." And early I was called.  
By hook or by crook I was determined to get in  
the Guildhall meeting and to hear Mr. Joseph  
Chamberlain make his great speech.

At 10.15 I boarded an Underground train and  
went to Moorgate-street. Then followed excursions  
without result. All my City friends were visited  
without result. "Couldn't even get a ticket for  
Moorgate House itself and knocked with the heavy  
knocker. One glimpse was all that was permitted  
me to see a fraction of a Persian carpet and re-  
spectable policeman is reached by way of a most  
with him while I waited, and thus disguised make  
my way into the Guildhall. But the policeman  
stayed.

The Lord Mayor's secretary was more obliging.  
He gave me a note, and with it I hid to the  
Guildhall, where the note was exchanged for a  
White ticket.  
While being the colour of stall—and first-class  
tickets on the Underground—I considered myself  
closer, and now, my mind relieved, set out to  
see some lunch.

This and a cigarette discussed, I ran straightway  
into the brave arms of Sir Conan Doyle. We  
shared with apologies, and I, producing my  
White ticket, made for the Guildhall.

Standing Room Only.  
It was full, or rather, had it been any other hall  
it would have been full. They passed me in, and  
I, with my White ticket, bless its innocent heart, was marked  
down for the "standing only," and now it was too late to do  
more than curse its superior hue.

I was one of the "populace." We were like a  
crowd, we standers, brought there to shout.  
They did uncommonly well considering the  
circumstances, and the quantity of us that fainted.  
As regards fainting, the short-necked "bulls"  
of the stock Exchange were the worst offenders.  
They placed taken out almost over our heads, and  
for an hour or more we pushed, sang, and  
shouted in dubious harmony with an obliging  
orchestra.

Then came the moment of the day. Mr. Cham-  
berlain, supported by numerous noble and influ-  
ential persons, began his oration; what time six more  
of Chamberlain's most remarkable thing about Mr.  
Chamberlain's speech was the pervasion. The  
Secretary of Trade Returns, comparisons with  
Germany and German trade, the argumentative  
new in that I had all heard before. There was  
nothing new in that. I could have read and  
heard that with equal pleasure and more

when one got away from argument and  
the Imperial issues which, after all, are  
the main thing, then my eyes grew hot and I  
could have hugged Mr. Chamberlain.  
The crowd was with me. Mr. Cham-  
berlain's arguments may be right or wrong; his  
manner, however, are sound. He is the one  
man who has put into action the inspirations  
of such thinkers as Tennyson, Henry, and Kipling,  
Froude, Lecky, and Spenser.  
He is the weapon they have forged  
"Balmung" were not more

A Fine Peroration.  
There was nothing original in Mr. Chamberlain's  
speech, nothing that has not been written  
out to him belongs the everlasting credit  
of having become the following words:—  
We have to apply the lessons of the world,  
the lessons of the past, the lessons of the  
present, under present conditions. We have at-  
tained in the past, we have had hard tasks given  
us, we have done it; those who preceded us  
will do it; we will do it, or share in the  
credit (hear hear.)

There is nothing against us? Yes. There is  
the States from Great Britain the greatest  
that that revolution produced in my judg-  
ment, a statesman, and he left a precious legacy to  
us, when he said to them "Learn to think  
imperially." I ask from you to be worthy of your  
heritage, to remember that the future of this  
Empire, and possessions; they are the natural  
right of our Empire, and it behooves us to think  
not only as they are now, in their youth  
but to think of them also as they will  
be, hence, when grown to manhood and  
beyond anything which we can foresee  
for them. Share their sympathies and their aspira-  
tions, share their willingness to make every effort  
to maintain the traditions of the past, for the  
maintenance of this Imperial race, and for the per-  
petuation of our Empire. (Loud and continued  
applause.)

And now I, too, cheered; and now, alas! I, too,  
fainted.  
When I came to myself I was seated in a large  
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she had mistaken me for a pawnbroker.  
When she had gone, a gentleman, introduced to  
us as Mr. Griffith Boscawen, said some nice things

precisely like blank verse, and the people were  
delighted.  
After this Elizabethan rendering, Mr. Sydney  
Valentine introduced us to the more classic periods  
of the eighteenth century.  
Restrained, dignified, passionate on occasion,  
Mr. Valentine recalled the palmy days of Fox,  
Burke, and the younger Pitt. One saw in imagi-  
nation the debates that centred round the loss of  
our American colonies, or the trial of Warren  
Hastings.

Turn by turn these two rhetoricians read the  
matter aloud that had just been transcribed from  
the telephonic, and the people in their thousands  
applauded and uttered cries of assent or dissent  
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Sparklets From the Speech—  
Sentences Which Arrested  
Attention and Com-  
pelled Cheering.

I have gladly welcomed the proposal that I  
should address a meeting of my fellow-citizens in  
London.

I thought that, coming to you as I do as one  
of yourselves, born in London, a freeman by in-  
heritance, having learned the rudiments of com-  
merce in the heart of the City, only a few yards  
from the place in which I am speaking, that I  
might count on a friendly hearing.

I have been told that London is so exceptionally  
situated that arguments which may have been ad-  
dressed to other great centres of population here  
have no influence and authority.

But, personally, I am totally unable to separate  
this great City, the metropolis of the Empire, from  
the United Kingdom of which it forms a part.  
I am still less inclined to believe that here in the  
nerve centre of the Empire an appeal to Imperial  
sentiment would be unnecessary and undesired.

I have pointed out elsewhere that fifty years ago  
we altered our great national policy with a definite  
purpose, in order to secure free exchange with all  
the nations of the world.

But we do not possess free exchange. We have  
never had it. We have free imports instead, and  
that is a very different thing.

Dumping to London's Detriment.

Nowhere has the action of hostile tariffs been  
more injurious, nowhere has the dumping of goods,  
and men been more prejudicial than to certain  
parts of London.

I am told that this does not affect the City, be-  
cause it is the greatest distributive agency in the  
world, and whether it distributes home goods or  
foreign goods matters not to the City as long as  
they pay their tolls and commission.

London, they say, is cosmopolitan. I am not inclined  
to adopt such an argument.

Then, again, it is said that the City is the centre  
of the world's finance, and that provided the City  
of London remains, as it is, the clearing-house of  
the world, any other nation may be its workshop.

Is not that a very short-sighted view? Is your  
command of the financial world as unassailable as  
it was?

I see signs which seem to me to require grave  
reflection. Is it not the fact that within the last  
six years the rate of money has been higher in the  
City of London than it has been in Berlin or in  
Paris? ("Oh!" and a cry of "The War.")

It is an unusual fact; it has never been produced  
in the course of any other war.

Lessons of History.

What is the lesson we can derive from Venice,  
from Holland, from the Hanseatic States? Their  
greatness has passed away because they had no  
productive nor creative energy behind them. When  
everything else has changed, is the only thing  
fixed in England to be an ancient fiscal supersti-  
tion?

The Leader of the Opposition (cries of "Who  
is Arnold?") declares that the Budget figures  
for 1903 destroy and level to the ground the  
scaffolding which I have attempted to raise.

I wonder how a man, who is presumably sin-  
cere and intelligent, can so entirely misrepresent  
and misunderstand the arguments of his opponents.  
You will find there has been a decrease in the  
export of our manufactures to the foreign protected  
countries, as anyone outside an asylum could have  
told you, must be the case.

Foreigners are ready to take our coal, our raw  
material; but if it is something for which they  
have domestic powers of production, then their  
policy is to shut us out.

Another point in the figures for 1903 is that in  
our possessions, in our own colonies, there is a  
growth of foreign importation, which, in propor-  
tion, greatly exceeds the growth of the exportation  
from the home country.

We are not safe even in our own Empire.

Anyone must see that to maintain our position  
as a manufacturing nation we must increase, or at  
any rate maintain, our Imperial trade.

We must also be in a position to negotiate with  
protective countries on equal terms.

Short-Sighted Opponents.

My opponents appear to me to be intellectually  
short-sighted. They cannot see beyond their noses.  
They have failed to see that the greatness of a  
nation is not measured by comparison with its own  
past, but by its relative position in the councils of  
the world.

There is more acquired wealth, I believe, in  
Spain, certainly in Holland, than there was in the  
palmiest days of their history; but the sceptre  
they wielded so proudly has passed never to re-  
turn; they count for nothing in the future great-  
ness of the world.

Germany is making more rapid progress in ex-  
ports than we are; she is already neck and neck  
with us, and in a very short time will have passed  
us.

Our position has deteriorated and unless you  
do something to prevent it we shall go the course  
of those other nations to which I have referred.

During the year 1903 there has been a constant  
falling off in employment in the greater trades.  
The unemployed have increased by 40 per cent.,  
as compared with a year or two ago. Is that a  
sign of prosperity?

A moderate tariff doesn't necessarily interfere  
with the prosperity of a country. The little loaf  
and the consumption of horse-flesh are more bogeys  
created by free-fooders, and they ought to be  
treated as of no importance.

At the People's Palace the speech was read out  
to a crowd equally enthusiastic by Mr. Julian Cross  
and Mr. Frank Mills.



A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE SKETCHED AT THE GUILDHALL YESTERDAY.

about foreigners, at which the band woke up.  
The German trombonist and the Austrian drum-  
mer were interested. The incident, however,  
passed without bloodshed.

Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., sat in the front  
seats, accompanied by his wife and daughter.  
Occasionally they yawned. For two well-known  
actors were now reciting the opening and more  
statistical sections of Mr. Chamberlain's address,  
turn by turn. Mr. Fletcher Robinson, of the  
"Daily Express," presided, and handed out the  
parts.

Mr. Charles Fulton, so far, had only attracted  
public attention by a modest attempt to escape  
from Mrs. Brown-Potter, who, in the heat of her  
declamation, had nearly backed into his lap. Now,  
throwing out his chest and broadening into the  
Shakespearean orator, he turned Mr. Cham-  
berlain's speech into something that sounded sus-

—mostly of assent—just as though we had been  
in the Guildhall itself.

In the courtyard of the Guildhall the Cham-  
berlain "overflow" meeting began by two o'clock,  
and in Basinghall-street a small crowd of enthu-  
siasts were gathered at half-past one.

There they waited and watched patiently till  
the prophet of protection should mount the pulpit-  
like rostrum prepared for him.

At last, two Union Jacks ran up, and there  
he was—ready. Cries of generous welcome and  
cheers again went up to greet him.  
"Don't pay any attention to him," said Mr.  
Chamberlain, when a dissident persisted.  
Loud applause and rapturous cries of "earl"  
"earl" greeted the telling points. It was diverting  
to watch the intense appreciation dawning on the  
faces of the hearers as they came to places where  
Joe's hard hits were chronicled.



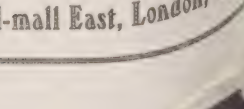
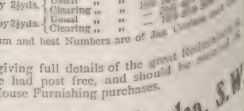
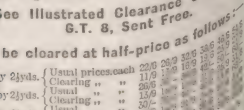
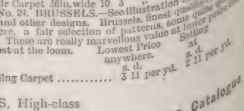
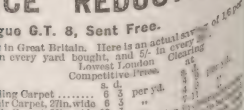
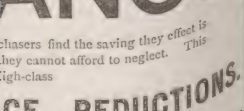
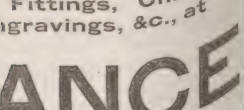
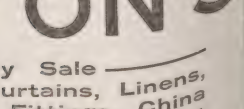
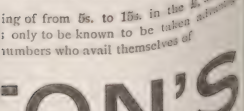
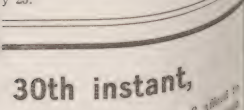
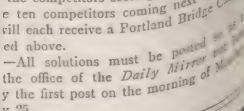
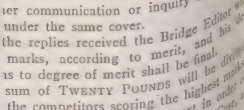
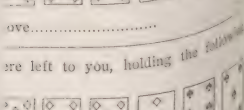




JAN. 20, 1904.

6.-COUPON B.

flowing hands at the specified scores



# THE WARWICK WEDDING.

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE AND A CHARMING CEREMONY.

Lady Marjorie Greville's good fairy befriended her on the choice of her wedding day, for though it came off in the early morning yesterday by eleven there were many guests, and the sun shone out. The quaint, tiled with flags, was full of hurrying crowds, thousands of whom had come miles to catch a glimpse of the bride.

Although the present Lord Warwick is not as powerful as the King-maker of old, Lady Marjorie still had kind things to say of her many friendly friends, timely gifts, or sympathetic words.

Lady Marjorie and his bride have been playmates for years, and when they were together no longer needed to improve their knowledge of each other.

It was the first wedding held at Warwick Castle for over one hundred and fifty years, and from every nook the bells pealed merrily. No fewer

Duchess of Sutherland looked beautiful in soft smoke-coloured velvet; and Lady Londonderry wore champagne-coloured cloth, whilst other guests included the Duke of Leinster, Mrs. Gervase Beckett, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Gwendolen Little, and Lady Alexander Paget.

Before leaving, Lord Helmsley went out on to the Castle steps and thanked the soldiers for coming and so materially helping them. He then took his seat in an open carriage beside his fair bride, and escorted by a troop of Yeomanry the happy pair left for Milverton Station en route for Ingestre Hall, where they spend the honeymoon.

Lord Warwick, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Brooke, and Mr. Sydney Greville followed them to the station to speed them on their journey.

## Wedding Gifts.

The wedding presents were indeed numerous, and great interest was taken in the lovely diamond and ruby horse-shoe brooch given by the King. Mr. and Lady Eva Dugdale gave a gold tea service; Lady Helmsley a pendant of diamonds, pearls, and garnets; Princess Henry of Pless a



The East Gate of Warwick Castle.

1,500 guests filled St. Mary's Church, the interior of which was lined with Yeomanry and the choir, headed by the Bishop of Oxford, wearing the ribbon of the Garter, as the ceremony of the half-hour after noon.

The bridesmaids were ranged in order of height, and the bride, who was Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, stepped forward and took Lady Marjorie's hand, as it required no little skill to lead her to the altar round the East Beauchamp and his lady, who have been married for nearly five hundred years. The

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Interior of St. Mary's Church, where the ceremony took place.

## ROYALTY IN THE TOMBS.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and her party are, from all accounts, enjoying immensely their trip up the Nile. They spent one day at Beni Hassan, where they visited the excavations and some of the tombs which have been found intact and containing interesting objects of antiquity 4,000 years old. Some of these the royal party descended by means of ropes, and the doors of these tombs were opened in their presence for the first time.

Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., who becomes "Father of the Fleet," by the death of Sir Henry Keppel, joined the Royal Navy at the age of twelve years and three months. There was no Britannia in those days, and he went straight on board his ship, a paddle-wheel steam frigate, the Dragon. He has seen half a century of service in all parts of the world, served in the Crimean war, and gained his V.C. during the Indian Mutiny at Lucknow for one of the greatest acts of valour ever perpetrated.

Sir Nowell, like all great men, is conspicuously modest, and hates to have his conduct held up to public notice. Once, years ago, at a reception abroad he was overwhelmed when an enthusiastic American lady took him by both hands, saying, "Sir Nowell, they do say you won your V.C. before you were twenty." Sir Nowell blushed, but replied, to the amusement of lookers-on, "It is an extraordinary thing, madam, how people will take one's character away."

Knepp Castle, which was burnt on Monday, possesses in its grounds the largest piece of ornamental water south of the Thames, being a hundred acres in extent. The Burrells have a fixed belief in a curious and most weird family ghost; and the present Sir Merrik Burrell's mother tells a story of the apparition of a white owl whenever a death has taken place, or is about to take place, in the family. On one occasion the Dowager Lady Burrell was sitting talking to two of her daughters, when she was horrified by the sudden appearance of a white owl, which came to the window of

the room where she was sitting; she turned to her daughters and said, "Something has happened, I am sure of it." An hour after this her son, Mr. Wyndham Burrell, was carried into the house dying, from the effects of a bicycle accident.

Lord and Lady Carnarvon have quite given up all idea of going to India for the present, although at the beginning of the autumn the former had made up his mind to go, and would probably have gone out with his great friend, Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh. The end in view is chiefly connected with big game hunting, for Lord Carnarvon, who is one of the finest shots in England, finds partridges, pheasants, and even "rocketers" are beginning to fall, and is anxious to demonstrate his prowess with bigger quarry. Lord Carnarvon was, with Mr. C. S. Rolls, one of the first converts to automobilism. Several years ago, when the appearance of a motor-car used to make people turn round and gasp, Lord Carnarvon, clad in a long white coat, used to dash through Hyde Park looking like an up-to-date "Horne Hunter."

It is a somewhat extraordinary fact that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who ranks with Mr. Pinero as the greatest living English dramatist, should never have been inside a theatre until he was eighteen years of age. He was then working in a London office and dropped, quite by chance, into the Haymarket (where his new play was produced last night), and after that he began writing plays. Miss Winifred Emery made her debut in 1879 at the Court Theatre in one of his earlier plays, "A Clerical Error," but it was with his dramatisation of "The Silver King" that his fame became permanently established.

Mr. Jones's is, indeed, a prolific pen, for his plays are entirely written by his own hand, and they are many in number. Every character is fully conceived, and the whole story ready, before Mr. Jones puts pen to paper. Only once has he written a play around a title which took his fancy, and this was in the case of "The Middleman."



The beautiful Cedar Room at the Castle, where the wedding guests were received.

30th instant,

ing of from 5s. to 15s. in the 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 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1842, 1844, 1846, 1848, 1850, 1852, 1854, 1856, 1858, 1860, 1862, 1864, 1866, 1868, 1870, 1872, 1874, 1876, 1878, 1880, 1882, 1884, 1886, 1888, 1890, 1892, 1894, 1896, 1898, 1900, 1902, 1904, 1906, 1908, 1910, 1912, 1914, 1916, 1918, 1920, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1928, 1930, 1932, 1934, 1936, 1938, 1940, 1942, 1944, 1946, 1948, 1950, 1952, 1954, 1956, 1958, 1960, 1962, 1964, 1966, 1968, 1970, 1972, 1974, 1976, 1978, 1980, 1982, 1984, 1986, 1988, 1990, 1992, 1994, 1996, 1998, 2000, 2002, 2004, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, 2022, 2024, 2026, 2028, 2030, 2032, 2034, 2036, 2038, 2040, 2042, 2044, 2046, 2048, 2050, 2052, 2054, 2056, 2058, 2060, 2062, 2064, 2066, 2068, 2070, 2072, 2074, 2076, 2078, 2080, 2082, 2084, 2086, 2088, 2090, 2092, 2094, 2096, 2098, 2100, 2102, 2104, 2106, 2108, 2110, 2112, 2114, 2116, 2118, 2120, 2122, 2124, 2126, 2128, 2130, 2132, 2134, 2136, 2138, 2140, 2142, 2144, 2146, 2148, 2150, 2152, 2154, 2156, 2158, 2160, 2162, 2164, 2166, 2168, 2170, 2172, 2174, 2176, 2178, 2180, 2182, 2184, 2186, 2188, 2190, 2192, 2194, 2196, 2198, 2200, 2202, 2204, 2206, 2208, 2210, 2212, 2214, 2216, 2218, 2220, 2222, 2224, 2226, 2228, 2230, 2232, 2234, 2236, 2238, 2240, 2242, 2244, 2246, 2248, 2250, 2252, 2254, 2256, 2258, 2260, 2262, 2264, 2266, 2268, 2270, 2272, 2274, 2276, 2278, 2280, 2282, 2284, 2286, 2288, 2290, 2292, 2294, 2296, 2298, 2300, 2302, 2304, 2306, 2308, 2310, 2312, 2314, 2316, 2318, 2320, 2322, 2324, 2326, 2328, 2330, 2332, 2334, 2336, 2338, 2340, 2342, 2344, 2346, 2348, 2350, 2352, 2354, 2356, 2358, 2360, 2362, 2364, 2366, 2368, 2370, 2372, 2374, 2376, 2378, 2380, 2382, 2384, 2386, 2388, 2390, 2392, 2394, 2396, 2398, 2400, 2402, 2404, 2406, 2408, 2410, 2412, 2414, 2416, 2418, 2420, 2422, 2424, 2426, 2428, 2430, 2432, 2434, 2436, 2438, 2440, 2442, 2444, 2446, 2448, 2450, 2452, 2454, 2456, 2458, 2460, 2462, 2464, 2466, 2468, 2470, 2472, 2474, 2476, 2478, 2480, 2482, 2484, 2486, 2488, 2490, 2492, 2494, 2496, 2498, 2500, 2502, 2504, 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# CAN YOU REACH THIS NOTE?

MISS EDITHA HELENA NOW HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD IN VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

Miss Editha Helena, a young American diva, who sang for the first time in this country at the Empire on Monday evening, has the greatest vocal register ever possessed by a human being.

She can sing with perfect musical intonation (in addition to the two octaves of the ordinary good soprano) F in altissimo, and has even climbed to the remote altitudes of the "A" above "F." Be-



Mme Patti's Throat



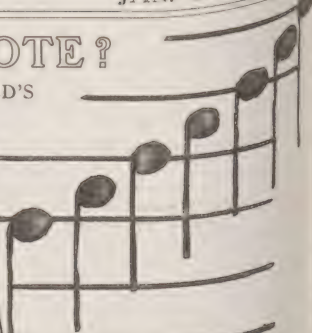
Miss Yaw's Throat



Miss Helena's Throat



MISS EDITHA HELENA, Holder of the Record.



sides this she can take "bottom G." She thus sings three octaves, a vocal achievement unprecedented in the whole history of music.

"C" in altissimo has been rendered before by other great singers. There occurs in Mozart's "Magic Flute," which has been sung by many, an "F," but it is staccato, and therefore, only just touched. But as Miss Helena sings "The Last Rose of Summer" each evening she climbs to "G," not only touching it but dwelling there and coming slowly down the scale without breaking. This no other singer has ever done before. Two octaves is a large compass for a voice, so the uninitiated can gather what abnormal powers Miss Helena possesses.

How she was trained to sing is of course the question everyone asks. Alberto de Bassini, whose studio is in New York, discovered her, and quickly realised that this was no ordinary voice. He is stated to have said immediately she said to him, "This girl will sing in the higher registers the ones of the most famous singers of these times."

A well-known throat specialist has supplied the charts of the vocal cords and larynx from which the accompanying pictures were made. The

vocal cords which produced these wonderful notes are far back in the throat. They are barely an inch long, yet by them are the vibrations sent forth which compose every sound uttered, whether music or noise.

It is in these vocal cords that Miss Helena differs from the ordinary mortal. High notes are produced when the cords are at the greatest tension. Then the air passing through the lungs and through the slit between them sets up vibrations. If the bonds are short and the vibrations are rapid, the resulting sound is shrill. Miss Helena's vocal cords are capable of exceptional contraction. When reaching the pinnacles of sound their edges almost touch and are as thin as threads. Their rate of vibration must be 40,000 a second.

Miss Helena, in addition to a wonderful voice, has a facility for imitating the tones of a violin. She comes on the stage with an instrument. The audience sees her go through the motions of playing the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" upon a violin. She draws the bow with no uncertain strokes across the strings and fingers them correctly. The audience hears sounds like those of a violin of fine tone well played. In reality no sound comes from the strings—they and the bow have been well soaped, and are noiseless. The music has been made by the delicate cords in the throat of the singer, who keeps her lips nearly closed to heighten the illusion.



MISS ELI N BEACH YAW, Who took Second Place. (Photo by Ellis and Walter)

## ART AND ACTUALITY.

A LECTURE AND A REVERIE.

These weeks, on the afternoons of Monday and Thursday, as the hour of four approaches, the vestibule of Burlington House has an unusual air of activity. It is crowded; but the eager folk do not ascend to the Old Masters' exhibition. They dip down the passage to the right of the staircase, grope their way through the labyrinth of chambers that constitute the Royal Academy schools, ascend, and find themselves in the lecture-room, better known to the public as the gallery, where the sculpture is shown in the summer exhibition. They have foregathered to hear Mr. George Clausen, the new professor of painting, discourse.

I doubt if any other professor of painting has drawn such audiences. That is as it should be, for the appointment of Mr. Clausen, who may still be regarded as one of the new men ("cheu fugaces!") shows that the composite face of the Forty is turned towards the dawn.

### Helping Out their Colour!

As I sat and waited for the lecturer the other afternoon I reflected that all around, hidden from us, but near, were the pictures that form the thirty-fifth exhibition of Old Masters come together for a little while in companionship. One hundred and forty-one pictures, endless sculptures and bronzes, which, during the past fortnight, have been sized up, flouted and appreciated in yards and yards of newspaper columns. I recalled an incident of amateur explanation in art I had heard during my visit to the exhibition on the previous day, a remark that fell from the lips of a lady late in the afternoon. She advanced towards that atrocious picture by Moretto (No. 42), saying to her companion, "We'll just look at the biggest ones," adding, as the lights were suddenly turned on, "Now, we shall see the colour of them." I recalled, too, that wise saying of Walter Pater's, that the critic should possess the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects and was content, while waiting for Mr. Clausen, to recall the exhibits that had moved me.

Should I include No. 1, the little "Pieta," by Memling? Yes! Who could resist the sincere treatment and the peep of blue landscape in the background? The Giorgione, also—grave, sumptuous—a portrait of a youth with his hand on a skull. Then suddenly uprose before me the father of Albert Dürer, by Albert Dürer. This picture, which is the "clou" of the first room, perhaps of the exhibition, naturally recalls Dürer's majestic portrait of himself at Munich. What a contrast to his father's keen, shrewd, puckered face; only the great son of Nuremberg could have wrought the intimate modelling of the face and neck. If the National Art Collections Fund

could secure this little masterpiece for the National Gallery, surely the act would give the hall of subscriptions a fresh impetus. I have not attempted to analyse the pictorial excellences of this distinguished work. Let a well-known portrait-painter, whom I met by chance in the gallery, speak. I conducted him to the Albert Dürer portrait. He studied it intently; then turning to me, his face alight with pleasure, said, "Thundering good!" Presently he led me into the room where the works by Wells, Sidney Cooper, and Horsley hang—works that have been treated severely, if not contemptuously, by most critics. But the portrait-painter was more charitable. Adversity had made him so. "Of course, they're not great pictures," he said, "but, look here, there's thundering good painting in them, as good as anything done by the Orpen-Rothenstein group at the New English Art Club. Look at the child in Horsley's 'New Dress,' and the painting of the green glass and the plate in Wells's 'P. R. B.' portrait group. I tell you it's thundering good." "Mr. Clausen entered. The lecture was on "Colour," following "Lighting and Arrangement" of the previous week. His delivery is simple, modest, and unemphatic. These two lectures were short, but they were the real thing, which must always follow when a man has knowledge, enthusiasm, and the art of lecturing as he talks. I asked, leading him towards it, explaining on the way that hitherto the dull colour and unimaginative architectural vision of the pictures by Canaletto that I had seen had left me cold. But his jolly view of Verona at Burlington House, 7ft. long, had aroused my enthusiasm. It is as amusing, as gay, as intricately interesting as Constable's "Opening of Waterloo Bridge."

### A Decided Advance.

Just then the students interrupted my reverie by singing. "My lodging is on the cauld, cold ground," and for some reason or another my mind comes together for a little while in companionship. One hundred and forty-one pictures, endless sculptures and bronzes, which, during the past fortnight, have been sized up, flouted and appreciated in yards and yards of newspaper columns. I recalled an incident of amateur explanation in art I had heard during my visit to the exhibition on the previous day, a remark that fell from the lips of a lady late in the afternoon. She advanced towards that atrocious picture by Moretto (No. 42), saying to her companion, "We'll just look at the biggest ones," adding, as the lights were suddenly turned on, "Now, we shall see the colour of them." I recalled, too, that wise saying of Walter Pater's, that the critic should possess the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects and was content, while waiting for Mr. Clausen, to recall the exhibits that had moved me.

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And I went out into the mud of Piccadilly with these two sentences running through my head—"The painter must study facts and appearances" and "Drawing is the intellectual, colour is the emotional, side of art." C. L. H.

## READERS' PARLIAMENT.

DRESS OF SMALL BOYS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

A Highland costume is nothing more nor less than a frock. This dress is worn by thousands of our bravest soldiers, which distinctly proves that effeminacy has nothing to do with costume. "X. Y.'s" letter is a libel upon the men of to-day, who were the boys of a past generation. We were quite as masculine as the boys of the present day, although we wore the white drawers and frocks which he (or she) sneers at.

My boys, who are as masculine as any I know, wear Highland costume at all ages. Up to seven or eight years they wear it in a modified form, with white drawers, according to the old French fashion. SCOTSMAN.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

"Aunt Mary" should not despair. We are gradually returning to a better method of dressing our boys.

Within the last few years the large white embroidered American collars have made enormous headway among small boys. The sailor blouse has also to some extent been replaced by a leather-belted jacket similar to a lengthened Norfolk coat.

I admit that the trousers which show three or four inches below this tunic are nearly always of cloth, but replace these by white drawers (embroidered if you will), as I and many mothers of my acquaintance have done, and there you are. MIDGET.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Matters are not quite as bad as "Aunt Mary" makes out. A few years back my own boys wore costumes similar to an illustration in the "Gentlewoman" of April, 1891. This shows a cloth or velvet belted tunic and lace collar, and four or five inches of the white drawers (which match the collar) show beneath the tunic.

Is not "X. Y." shocked at this? "X. Y." seems to think that drawers are effeminate for little boys. This is not so, as they are only trousers after all. Nowadays, nearly every little boy wears a large and elaborate lace collar. Why should it be effeminate to dress him in drawers to match? Endsleigh Gardens. BETA.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I am very glad to see "X. Y.'s" protest against the idea of resuscitating frocks, and peeps of "dear little drawers" beneath. Most boys have to start their school life in

serious earnest at about eight years of age, and even sooner. What sort of life is the poor little child condemned to among his school comrades when he is sent to join them in the classroom and referred to above? A MOTHER WHO DRESSES HER BOYS IN STREAMLINED BOYS.

THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Do you wish it to be understood that Mr. Chamberlain is the most popular man of the day in England?

Do you mean amongst the upper classes or the lower or middle classes, or all combined? If you mean that, how comes it that the elections are going against him and that his policy he is advocating? I will grant that he is popular in Birmingham. Why? Because he is a Radical of Radicals in his younger days. Birmingham what it is, and as a consequence, the people of Birmingham blindly follow him. But let him come outside his sphere, and he would, in my opinion, see how the masses would fall and crumble into dust. F. HANFORD.

WHERE MURDER IS CHEAP. Fifteen Shillings the Price of a Glorious Crime.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The little town of Kronstadt, in Hungary, has been the scene of a revolting murder. A well-to-do invalid farmer took a mysterious manner. The woman, arrested on account of her remarks, confessed that she and her husband had engaged a man of bad reputation to assist them in the murder for the sum of 15s.

One night they tied a string round the neck of their victim and dragged him through the streets and courtyard to a barn, where they took his death with cudgels. Cupidity was the motive of the crime.

The guards of a Hungarian train have been arrested on the charge of murdering a passenger. They threw her out of the train window, and she was found dead on the railway track. The murderers wished to give the body the appearance of having been run over, but the passenger who saw the body flung out of the train gave information.

JAN. 20, 1904.

## YESTERDA

The late blue... Green... and... Lady... Marjorie... Warwick... Castle...



LADY MARJORIE GREVE WEDDING. CONCERNING THE SEEN AT WARWICK.

A general consensus of opinion has been reached by Lady Marjorie Greve... yesterday wit... which a favoured Paris a...

effect was exquisitely... actual gown of soft white... round the waist, I... took a square train al... on the ground for one an... held up by garlands of... blossoms, tied at the... XX. Lows.

the 200 maids wore... which was high to the... chemise much inset wit...

PROVISIONS IN SEASON

1st	2nd	3rd
Whitefish	Partridges	Hares
Wild Duck	Game	Wood
Oysters	Partridges	Wild Duck
Mont.	Partridges	Pint
Beef	Partridges	Fowl
Pork	Partridges	Rabbits
Partridges	Partridges	Hares
Game	Partridges	Wood
Wild Duck	Partridges	Wild Duck
Oysters	Partridges	Pint
Mont.	Partridges	Fowl
Beef	Partridges	Pork
Pork	Partridges	Rabbits

FRUIT IN SEASON

Apples	Grapes	Peaches
Plums	Oranges	Pineapples
Strawberries	Blackberries	Raspberries
Blueberries	Blackberries	Raspberries
Blackberries	Blackberries	Raspberries
Raspberries	Blackberries	Raspberries
Blackberries	Blackberries	Raspberries
Raspberries	Blackberries	Raspberries
Blackberries	Blackberries	Raspberries
Raspberries	Blackberries	Raspberries









# Double Harness

## By Anthony Hope

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.  
GRANTLEY IMASON: Sibylla's husband.  
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD.  
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother;  
a hater of matrimony.  
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

### CHAPTER XI. (continued).

"You're the very man of all men I wanted to see! I was thinking of sending for you. Come and sit down, John, and I'll tell you all about it."

"But I know all about it," he protested, "and I want to have a talk to you."  
"Nobody can know but me; and I believe you're the best friend I have. I want to tell you everything, and take your advice how I'm to act."

Evidently she did not suppose that he was in any sense an ambassador from her husband. He was to be her friend. John found it difficult to correct this mistake of hers.

"I'm at the end of my patience," she said solemnly. "I'm sure anybody would be. You know what's happening as well as I do, and I intend to put an end to it."

"Oh, don't say that! I—well, I'm here just to prevent you from saying that."

"To prevent me? You do know what's happening? Do you know he's staying away from home again? What do the servants think? What must the children begin to think? Am I to be exposed to that?"

She looked very handsome and spirited, with just the right amount of colour in her cheeks and an animated sparkle in her eyes.

"Why, I could name the woman!" she exclaimed. "And so could you, I daresay?"

"Don't make too much of it," he urged. "We're not children. He doesn't really care about the woman. It's only because he's unhappy."

"And whose fault is it he's unhappy?"

"And because of that he's being foolish—wasting all his money, too, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I've got my settlement. I shall be all right in case of proceedings."

"Now pray don't think of proceedings, Lady Harriet."

"Not think of them! I've made up my mind to them. I wanted to ask you how to set about it."

"But it would ruin his career; it would destroy his public position."

"I can't help that. He should have thought of that for himself."

"And then think of the girls!"

"Anything would be better than going on like this—yes, better for them, too!"

John saw that he must have an explanation of his embassy. He got up and stood on the hearthrug.

"I'm here as the friend of you both," he began.

The colour and the sparkle both grew brighter.

"Oh, are you?" said Lady Harriet.

"It's come to this. Tom's friends—I and one or two more—have been speaking seriously to him. We've got him to say that he's ready to drop—to drop what you very properly object to—and to make another effort to find a—*modus vivendi*."

"I'm glad he's got so much decent feeling! Only it comes rather late. He wanted me to forgive him, does he?"

"I don't think we can put it quite so simply as that," John risked a timid smile. "There must be a give-and-take, Lady Harriet—a give-and-take, you know."

"Well?" She was relaxing into that dangerous stillness of hers. She was very quiet, but her eyes shone very bright. Tom Courtland would have known the signs, so would the girls.

"We've got him to say what I've told you; but there must be something from your side."

"What am I to do, John?" she asked, with deceptive meekness.

"Well, I think you might—well—er—express some regret that—that things haven't gone more harmoniously at home. You might hold out an olive branch, you know."

"Express regret?"

"Don't stand on a point of pride, now. Haven't you sometimes been—well, a little exacting—a little quick-tempered?"

"Oh, you're in that old story, are you? Quick-tempered? Suppose I am! Haven't I enough to make me quick-tempered?"

"Yes, now you have. But what about the beginning?"

"Do you mean it was my fault at the beginning?"

"Don't you think so yourself? Partly, at all events?"

Lady Harriet took up a tortoiseshell paper-knife and played with it. Her eyes were set hard on John, who did not like the expression in them. He became less glad that he had undertaken the embassy.

"May I not desert and deceive his wife because she's a little quick-tempered?"

"No, no, of course not; that's absurd."

"It's what you're saying, isn't it?"

"We must look at it as men and women of the world."

"I look at it as a wife and a mother. Do you mean to say it was my fault in the beginning?"

John was losing patience; he saw that some plain speaking would be necessary, but his want of patience made it hard for him to do the plain speaking wisely.

"Well, yes, I do," he said. "In the beginning, you know. Tom's a good-natured fellow, and he was very fond of you. But you—well, you didn't make his home pleasant to him; and if a man's home isn't pleasant, you know what's likely to happen."

"And you're the friend I meant to send for!"

"I am your friend—that's why I venture to speak to you freely. There's no hope unless you both realise where you've been wrong."

Tom acknowledges his fault and is ready to change his ways. But you must acknowledge yours and change, too."

"What is my fault?"

John took a turn up and down the room.

"I must let her have it," he decided, as he came back to the hearthrug.

"You make everybody afraid of you with your lamentable fits of temper," he told her.

"Tom's afraid of you, and afraid of what you might drive him into. Your children are afraid of you. Everybody's afraid of you. You make the house impossible to live in. You're even violent sometimes, I'm afraid, Lady Harriet."

If breaking a paper-knife in two be violence, she was violent then. She threw the pieces down on the table angrily.

"How dare you come to me and talk like this? I've done nothing; I've nothing to blame myself with. What I've had to put up with would have spoilt anybody's temper! Express regret? I shall do nothing of the kind. If that's what you came to ask, you can take your answer and go."

She was working herself up to the full tide of her rage. John's undertaking was quite hopeless now, but he would not recognise it yet; he determined to "let her have it" a little more still.

"Look at that!" he said, pointing to the broken paper-knife. "Just try to think what that—that sort of thing—means! What man can be expected to stand that? The state of things which has arisen is your fault. You've made no effort to govern your temper. You're reaping the fruit of what you've sown. If poor Tom had shown more firmness it might have been better."

"You'd have shown more firmness, I suppose?"

"Yes, I should; and I believe it would have done some good. You may suppose it gives me great pain to speak like this, but really it's the only way. Unless you realise how greatly you've been to blame, unless you determine to conquer this deplorable failing, there's no hope of doing any good."

She sat quiet for a moment or two longer with shining eyes, while John, now confident again and very masculine, developed the subject of the real truth about her. Then she broke out.

"You fool!" she said. "You silly fool! You come to me with this nonsense! You tell me you'd have shown more firmness! You tell me it's my fault Tom's gone off after this creature! Much you know about it all! Wonderfully wise you are! Leave other men's wives alone, and go back and look after your own, John."

"There's nothing that I'm aware of wrong in my house, Lady Harriet. We needn't bring that into the question."

"Oh, we needn't, needn't we? And there never was anything wrong, I suppose? I'm such a bad wife, am I? Other men have had wives, too."

"Do you attach any particular meaning to that?" he asked coldly, but rather uneasily.

"Do I attach? Oh, what an idiot you are! You to come and lecture me as if I was a child! I may be anything you like, but I've never been what your wife was, John Fanshaw."

He turned on her quickly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"That's my affair."

"No, it isn't. You've dared to hint—"

"Oh, I hint nothing! I don't know!"

"You shall give me an explanation of those words. I insist upon that."

"You'd better not," she laughed maliciously.

John was moved beyond self-control. He caught her by the wrist. She rose and stood facing him, her breath coming quick. She was in a fury that robbed her of all judgment and all mercy; but she had no fear of him.

"You shall withdraw those words or explain them!"

"Ask Christine to explain them!" she sneered. "What a fool you are! Here's a man to give lectures on the management of wives, when his own wife—"

She broke off, laughing again.

"You shall tell me what you mean!"

"Dear me, you can't guess? You've turned very dull, John. Never mind! Don't make too much of it! Perhaps you were quick-tempered! Perhaps you didn't make her home pleasant? And if a woman's home isn't pleasant—well, you know what's likely to happen, don't you?"

Perspiration was on John Fanshaw's brow. He pressed her wrist hard.

"You she-devil!" he said. "Tell me what you mean, I say!"

"Oh, ask Christine! And if she won't tell you, I advise you to apply to Frank Cayslesham, John."

"Is that true?"

"Yes, it is. Don't break my wrist."

"Cayslesham!"

He held her wrist a moment longer, then dropped it, and looked aimlessly round the room.

She rubbed her wrist and glared at him with sullen eyes, her fury dying down into a malicious rancour.

"There, that's what you get from your meddling and your preaching!" she said. "I never meant to give Christine away, I never wanted to. It's your doing; you made me angry, and I hit out at you where I could. I wish to God you had never come here, John! Christine's one of the few women who are friendly to me, and now I've— But you've yourself to thank for it."

He sank slowly into a chair; she heard him mutter "Cayslesham" again.

"If you know I've a quick temper, why do you exasperate me? You exasperate me, and I do a thing like that! Oh, I'm not thinking of you; I'm thinking of poor Christine. I hate myself now, and that's your doing, too!"

She flung herself into her chair and began to sob tempestuously. John stared past her to the wall.

"It's just what Tom's always done," she moaned through her sobs—"making me lose my temper, and say something, and then—"

Her words became inarticulate.

Presently her sobs ceased; her face grew hard and set again.

"Well, are you going to sit there all day?" she asked. "Is it so pleasant that you want to stay? Do you still think you can teach me the error of my ways?"

From the first moment John Fanshaw had not doubted the truth of what she said. Things forced out by passion in that way were true. Her stormy remorse added a proof—a remorse which did not even attempt retraction or evasion. And his memory got to work. He knew now why Christine had been so reluctant to go to Cayslesham. There were things back in the past, too, which now became intelligible—how that acquaintance had grown and grown, how constant the companionship had been, one or two little things which had seemed odd, and then how there had been a sudden end, and they had come to see very little of Cayslesham, how neither of them had seen him for a long while, till John had sent Christine to borrow fifteen thousand pounds.

"For God's sake, go!" she cried.

He rose to his feet slowly, and her fascinated eyes watched his face. His eyes were dull, and his face seemed to have gone grey. He asked her one question:—

"How long ago?"

"Oh, all over years ago," she answered, with an impatient groan, drumming her fingers on the arms of her chair.

He nodded his head in a thoughtful way.

"Good-bye, Lady Harriet," he said.

"Good-bye, John." Suddenly she sprang up. "Stop! What are you going to say to Christine?"

He looked bewildered still.

"I don't know. Oh, really I don't know! My God! I never had any idea of this, and I don't know! I can't, can't realise it all, you know—and Cayslesham, too!"

"Are you going to tell her I told you?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do, Lady Harriet. I don't know."

"Ah!"

With a cry of exasperation she turned away and sat down in her chair again.

"Good-bye," he muttered, and slouched awkwardly out of the room.

She sat on where she was, very still, frowning, her hand holding her chin, only her restless eyes roving about the room. She was like some handsome, fierce, caged beast. There she sat for close on an hour, thinking of what she was and of what she had done—of how he had shown her the picture of herself, and of how, from malice and in her wrath, she had betrayed Christine. Once only in all this time her lips moved; they moved to mutter:—

"My God! what a cursed woman I am!"

### CHAPTER XII.

### Images and Their Work.

By this time young Walter Blake had not only clearly determined what he wanted and meant to do, he had also convinced himself of his wisdom and courage in wanting and meaning to do it. He was not blind, he was clear, to the disagreeable and distressing accidents. There were painful features. There would be a scandal, and there would be a period of awkward and uncomfortable period—a period before life settled down on its new and true lines. That was inevitable and since this case—the case of himself and Sibylla—was exceptional, whereas laws and customs were made for the ordinary cases, he did not condemn the laws and customs which he was exceptional, and he had the wisdom and courage to act on what he perceived. He even admitted that very few cases were exceptional, and took the more credit for perceiving that this one really was. He did not take Grantley into account at all, neither was he nor what he might do. Grantley seemed to him negligible. He confined his consideration to Sibylla and himself, and the exceptional nature of the case was obvious. It was a prey to his ready emotions and to his facile exaltation. Desires masqueraded as reasons, and untimely impulses were the decent cloak of a high resolve. If he could have put the case like that to himself, it might not have seemed so plainly exceptional.

He was never more convinced of his wisdom and courage than when he listened to Cayslesham's conversation. They were rascals and club acquaintances, and had lunched together at Cayslesham's flat on the Sunday which John Fanshaw went to Lady Harriet's house in order to show her the error of her ways. Blake glowed with virtue as he listened to his friend's earthy views and measured his friend's degraded standards against his own.

"The one duty," said Cayslesham, somewhat circumscribing the domain of morality, as his habit was, "is to avoid a row. Don't get a woman into a scrape. From gossiping about Tom Courtland, they had drifted into discussing the converse case. It was a chilly day, it all up, you know."

"I don't set myself up as a pattern to the young, but I've never done that, anywhere."

Virtuous Blake would have liked to do to him all the evil things he had done, but he was so much more than a hypocrite, he had caused and shared; but it is not possible to speak quite so plainly to one's friends.

"Yes, that's the gospel," he said sarcastically. "Avoid a row. Nothing else matters."

"Nothing else matters in the end, I mean," smiled Cayslesham good-naturedly, conscious of the sarcasm and rather amused at it.

Long as there's no row, things settle down again, you see. But if there's a row, see what you're left! Look what the women don't want, by Jove! And the women don't want a row either, really, you know. They're fond of talking as if they did, but they're really not doing so. But when it comes to the point, they don't. And what's more, they don't easily forgive a man who gets them into a row. It means too much to them, too much by a deal, Blake."

"And what does it mean when there's no row?"

"Oh, well, there, of course, in a certain sense you have me," Cayslesham admitted with a candid smile. "If you like to take the moral line, you do have me, of course. I was a bit of the world as we know it; and I don't suppose it's ever been particularly disagreeable. Not in my time, anyhow; I can answer for that."

"You're wrong, Cayslesham, wrong all through. If the thing has come to such a point, the only honest thing is to see it through, to face it, to undo the mistake, to put things where they ought to have been from the beginning."

"Capital! And how are you going to do it?"

"There's only one way of doing it."

Cayslesham's smile broadened: he pulled his long moustache delicately as he said:—

"Bolt?"

Blake nodded sharply.

"Oh, my dear boy!"

He laughed in a gentle, comfortable way, and drew his coat right up into the small of his back.

"Oh, my dear boy!" he murmured again. "Nothing could have made Walter Blake feel more virtuous and more courageous."

"The only honest and honourable thing," he insisted—"the only self-respecting thing for both."

"You convert the world to that, and I'll think about it."

"What do I care about the world? I care enough for me to know what I think and feel about it. And I've no shadow of doubt."

His face flushed a little and he spoke rather heatedly.

"I wouldn't interfere with your conviction for the world, and as I'm a bachelor, I'll mind them." He was looking at Blake rather keenly now, wondering what made the young man take the subject so much to heart.

"If I were I'd keep them in the theoretical stage, I think."

To be continued.

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